The Inquirer

THE UNITARIAN AND FREE CHRISTIAN WEEKLY • Founded 1842

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER *No. 6211* *Saturday, July 22nd, 1961* *Price 4d.*

THE BEATNIKS

A SHORT APOLOGY for the beatniks was printed in the *Inquirer* last week. It was an apology not an advocacy. The article was taken from a small local journal of the Unitarian Young People's League. It was printed because the Editor thought it to be useful to let readers of the paper know what some young Unitarians are thinking, and because of its sincerity and intelligence.

It has caused criticism. Naturally enough, for it seemed to justify "sexual promiscuity, drugs, drink, early marriage—even early death, the ultimate experience". (Early marriage seems odd in that lot !) It is improbable that the article would have been reproduced if it had been supposed that the young writer advocated or anticipated all these things. The Editor's guess is that he is an idealistic, religious young man, sensibly out of joint with the times, and like a good many men before him finding much that is vanity. Or in his own words living "in a completely corrupt, materialistic, godless society".

The Gap

The elderly who have complained about the article do not readily span the gap between their own environment and the young author's. The elderly will pass out of this world within a foreseeable future. The young—even those who speak of the ultimate experience death—do not expect to depart so soon. They have their lives to live; and many of the reflective among them anticipate that those lives will have to be spent under the constant threat of scientific annihilation. The worst the elderly have faced in their lives in outer chaos is two world wars. This is nothing to what the young today have to contemplate.

It is just as well that this difference and comparison should be made. It marks a wide gap in spiritual environment. And it is understandable that the young should have their own thoughts about it. They did not make the threat, or the world society in which it takes place. If anybody made it the elders did. And if the practice of their virtues has brought all this about then some of the young are likely to say, so much for the virtues.

Near Hell

These young are wrong. The alternatives they offer, if they are alternatives, of "sexual promiscuity, drugs, drink, early marriage—even early death", are so near hell that they are in fact cries of despair rather than of revolt. If taken literally they are forms of co-opting out of life in terms of sensuous escapism. All experience, in one form or other is reduced to a degradation of the senses, and that is no position from which to complain of a "completely corrupt, materialistic godless society".

From the point of view of the beatnik, existentialist, outsider, or whatever name he gives himself in all the countries of the west—including Russia—in which he now exists, the godless society can only be godless against the background of something better, and "an early death, the ultimate experience", is not something better. It is a confession of complete defeat in face of something he has good reason for despising. He has no reason for despising if he allows it to defeat him. He becomes a slave, much more of a slave than those engaged in the "rat-race" of conformity. They do at least live with a chance of freedom. They do at least start, or always can start, from personal relations, including vital sexual ones, from which full freedom sooner or later can be achieved. They do not give up the ghost in protest; it is always possible that they may see the light and do something with their vision inside conformism instead of dying, or annihilating themselves in one way or another outside it.

Creative Religion

There is all the difference in the world between a psuedo-religion of protest and a creative religion of activity. The latter is not blinded by protest. It sees the ideal within the real. If society is materialistic and godless then within that society somewhere there are streams of the ideal. They have to be sought; they may have to be created; but that they are there or can be created is indicated by the emotional force of the words materialistic and godless. If these words have meaning then they mean their opposites also, the existence of idealism and of God.

If such words are to be used, if they are to be the basis of the protest, then they ask for life not death. It is possible that the threatened scientific annihilation can be ended for ever, and all other forms of annihilation, if those who are in despair, or take refuge in its forms, refuse it and them. There is always, at the very least, a glimmer of idealism which asks for co-operation. It may exist in a Unitarian church. It can always exist even where two or three are gathered together. The saviours of the world are mostly those who have lived alone, not merely in protest, but in the endless faith that their actions within or against the cruel real will create the ideal.

The future will require more religion not less. Never at any time in history was the future less known than it is now. The refusal to accept it is a refusal of manhood.

THE SALIENT FACTS

By A. Phillip Hewett

(The following article is taken from an address delivered by the Minister of the Vancouver Unitarian Church to a Canadian audience.)

WHAT has happened in Unitarianism in recent years? There has arisen no mighty prophet among us in this generation, no one mind working out the new directions our thinking needs to take in order to keep in touch with changed conditions. Rather we have seen the co-operative work of many minds, pointing out some of the salient facts of our time. What are those facts?

First, that we live in an ever-shrinking world, and all narrow parochialism is out of place. Unitarians in the past could work out their religious point of view solely in terms of our Western culture and the Judeo-Christian religious tradition. We are still part of the culture and the tradition, but we have in recent years become far more profoundly aware of the need of thinking in much wider terms, of trying to discover the common background of religion as a whole and humanity as a whole. One great Unitarian thinker can be mentioned among the early pioneers in this field, as far back as the opening years of the present century—Estlin Carpenter. But the facts of life at the end of six decades of the 20th Century make the need more and more obvious. We have to become world citizens, looking back as human beings upon a human tradition which will include all cultures and all religions, not just a selected one or two. It is not easy, but it is fast becoming the only road to survival, let alone understanding, and Unitarians as a whole have, I believe, come to realize this.

Second, scientific method has uncovered vast new tracts of knowledge in the past few years. No attempt to look at life as a whole, which is what religion must do, can ignore this. We have to come to terms which the new discoveries which have been made not only concerning the universe around us, but also concerning ourselves.

Unitarians have traditionally welcomed scientific discovery and have as a matter of fact made many distinguished contributions to it. But it is particularly in the realm of psychology, of our knowledge of our inner selves, that new discoveries have been made with profound bearings upon religion. Another part of the new Unitarian revolution has been the wholehearted attempt to come to terms with these in reformulating our religious ideas.

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Third, one of the important new areas of research has been that of communication. How do we convey meanings to each other by the use of words and symbols? How can I try to make sure you don't think I mean something altogether different from what I really do mean? How have the traditional words and phrases of religion evolved, meaning different things to different people at different times? Is it possible to start again with fresh new terms, or does that mean losing all the poetic and emotional colouring which has made of traditional words something far more than mathematical symbols? Or perhaps indeed it will become possible to interpret all ideas in mathematical symbols? Here again Unitarians have been revolutionizing their approach to see how their ideas sound when translated into many different forms of terminology. No one mode of expression is sacrosanct.

And finally, a practical phenomenon, the growth in Unitarian fellowships—small groups of do-it-yourself Unitarians, many of them without any previous experience of Unitarianism of any sort. Inevitably these people have looked with fresh and critical eyes at some of the ideas and practices that might almost have become sacred cows among us. They have had the same effect upon our thinking as the small child who begins to ask "What?" and "Why?" We have to ask ourselves the same questions over again, and question some of the assumptions into which we have so easily slipped. Again, this has played a valuable part in stimulating the Unitarian renaissance, even while it has been in large measure a product of the Unitarian renaissance.

All these factors, and no doubt others as well, have led us to a new period of growth. More and more thinking people are seeking out our churches and fellowships in order to link their quest with ours; their vigour with ours. Yet I will conclude with a caution, or to be more exact, by repeating a caution. Let us beware of measuring the growth in physical terms alone: members, money, buildings, activities. We shall always be a small minority group. We have to be in order to keep our creativity, for majorities are never creative.

Some while ago I read in a religious magazine—not a Unitarian one—a comment to the effect that it would be a tremendous surprise if a minister were to answer the question "How is your congregation growing?" by saying, "In wisdom and in the Grace of God". And yet, however we re-examine the vocabulary, surely it is there that we see the deepest manifestation of growth. I have criticized before now those who have said of Unitarianism, "We don't have quantity, but we *do* have quality!" But it is something that can be very meaningful, if it is said in no boastful spirit. For in the last resort it is only through the quality of what we produce and do in our Unitarian churches and fellowships that we can be judged. Material standards, statistics, are secondary. Certainly we need all the support we can find, both members and money, but these are only of concern as long as they help us towards our ultimate ends—the ever more effective service of the principles we profess. Once members or money become ends in themselves we have lost our soul—sold our soul.

It is the way of pioneers and explorers to make mistakes, to blunder, to lose sight of the goal, to have differences of opinion. All these things we have done and will continue to do. But at the same time I believe we are moving forward; the risks are worthwhile, and the rewards are great for those who can stay the course.

REVERENCE FOR DEATH

THE TRAGEDY OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY

By Jeremy Goring

THE death of Ernest Hemingway on 2 July last robbed the world of a great writer, justly renowned for his remarkable powers of perception and his unique literary style. It has also robbed the world of one who was in many ways a great man—a man of indomitable courage, huge generosity and unimpeachable integrity. His death is a tragedy—but then so was his life.

The tragedy of Hemingway lay in the fact that throughout his life he was obsessed by the thought of death. This obsession, which may have had its origin in the First World War, when he himself nearly died of wounds, and was doubtless aggravated by his father's suicide in 1928, is reflected in the titles of some of his books: *The Killers*, *Death in the Afternoon* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The last-named, perhaps his best-known book, is, as one critic put it, "impregnated with the atmosphere of the violent extinction of life". The shooting never dies down. The blood never stops flowing. The funeral bell never ceases tolling.

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So pre-occupied did Hemingway become with the idea of death that he went out of his way to watch it at work. And so, wherever there was fighting, there was he in the thick of it. Wherever there was war, there was he in the front line. And if there was no war, no fighting among men, there was always the cock-pit and the bull-ring: Hemingway was never so happy as he was when watching death in the noise and excitement of a hot, Spanish afternoon.

However, he did not content himself merely with observing death. He himself felt impelled to participate in its work. He was always killing animals: hunting big game in Kenya, catching sharks in the Caribbean or shooting duck in California. "I kill animals", he is reported to have said, "that I may not kill myself". Freud might have had Hemingway in mind when he wrote that the man who contemplates destroying himself will sublimate the thought by destroying other living things.

Hemingway's position was thus poles apart from that of Schweitzer, who, at the very time when the novelist was busy destroying life in South-East Africa, was devoting all his energies to preserving life in the North-West. The difference between the two men was not, as some would say, that the one was a realist and the other a sentimentalist. Schweitzer is also a realist, with quite as extensive an experience of violence and death as had Hemingway. He has no illusions about the nature of the world in which he lives. But, faced with the fact of death and destruction, what does the great Doctor do? He determines to fight them with all the power at his command, and, in so doing, propounds the doctrine of Reverence for Life.

There is a passage from Shakespeare which Hemingway was apparently fond of quoting: "I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death . . . . He that dies this year is quit for the next". True enough, Schweitzer would say, but we also owe God a life. We have not come into this world just for the purpose of seeing how quickly and courageously we can make our departure from it. We have come into this world to live—to live rich, fruitful, devoted lives. We have come not to destroy life but to preserve it, even to revere it; and in our Reverence for Life we must embrace not mankind only but the whole animal creation. Confronted, as were the Hebrews of old, with the choice between life and death, blessing and cursing, we have no real option but to choose life—that we and our fellow creatures may live.

A LAYMAN'S DIARY

June 29. Gordon and I celebrated his emancipation from his final G.C.E. paper by going to see *Beyond the Fringe* at the Fortune Theatre. This is a revue written and performed by four young men (Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett and Dudley Moore) who first got together at Cambridge a few years ago, and later put on unofficial "fringe" performances—hence the title—at two Edinburgh Festivals. The show is satirical, liberal-minded, irreverent towards all manifestations of the Establishment, and, I am sure, the funniest thing since Michael Flanders and Donald Swann did *At the Drop of a Hat*.

There is a parody of *The Sunday Break*, conducted by a hearty young clergymen who says "Good!" in booming tones whenever he is asked an unanswerable question, and whose avowed object is "to get the violence off the streets and into the churches, where it belongs". Later there is a fine apocalyptic scene on a mountain top, with the "chosen" of some unnamed sect gleefully awaiting the destruction of the world ("seems a bit late—it *was* G.M.T. wasn't it? . . . have you brought the tinned food?"). And towards the end, a sermon on the text—never alluded to in the body of the sermon, but sonorously declaimed at the beginning and the end—"My brother Esau is an *hairy* man, but I am . . . ay *smooth* man"; in it the preacher compares life to a tin of sardines—even if you find the key, even if you open the tin, isn't there always a little bit in one corner that you fail to get out? I would commend this sermon to all tutors in homiletics as a superb example of "how not to" (it is included in the LP record of extracts from the show; Parlophone PMC 1145).

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July 2 (Sunday). The broadcast from Brook Street Chapel, Knutsford, came over very clearly this morning from North Regional (luckily we had remembered to lay in a new battery for the portable set, in honour of the occasion). The singing was full-bodied and harmonious; I have never actually been to a service in a meeting-house of the Knutsford-Macclesfield-Toxteth shape but I imagine it helps the singers greatly to be standing round three sides of an oblong, instead of all facing one end of a tunnel, as we do in so many other churches. We heard the Rev. Albert Smith's address very easily, and, if I may be presumptuous, it was just right for the occasion; a simple but firm exposition of the need to have "a continuing active concern for the Christian God, whom we have chosen to serve". And the whole broadcast, from Roger Moffat's introductory announcement to the finely spoken Benediction invoking "the spirit of divine sonship and human brotherhood", made me very homesick for the North.

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July 4. The film world displays an odd sense of values sometimes. Ted Willis, the author of *Dixon of Dock Green*, has written a screen play about race relations in London, *Flame in the Streets*, and the film is now being shown in suburban cinemas and widely publicised by posters in Underground stations. The central figure is a coloured West Indian schoolmaster, whose engagement to a white girl (Sylvia Syms) puts a severe strain on the tolerance of her outwardly liberal father (John Mills) and her mother (Brenda de Banzie). I have not seen it, but from all accounts it is a genuine, if slightly sentimental, attempt to tackle a serious social question in a temperate

DEAN ROW — WILMSLOW

One of the old simple meeting places that have kept their dignity through the years.

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Send us photographs of the exterior or interior of your churches, or of anything connected with them.

The photographs, to be of general interest, must have artistic value. It is with this intention we hope to print them.

Tell other people of the beauty of your buildings.

and balanced way. The posters all display, in large capitals, the names of the three white stars I have mentioned; yet not one single poster gives the name of the Negro actor who plays the central role. I wonder why. (It is Johnny Sekka, by the way.)

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July 6. *Manchester.* A job of work has brought me to Manchester for a couple of days (my only regret is that I shall miss Mr. G. A. Lyward's talk to the L.D.P.A. at Dover on Saturday). New buildings seem to be sprouting all over the city —one of the happiest additions is our reborn Cross Street Chapel—and one feels that at last the war years and the gloomy 1930's are becoming matters of ancient history.

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At night I looked in at the Palace Theatre, attracted by the unusual title of the new musical play just finishing its " World Premiere " there. I am glad I did. *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off* is a wholly original and wholly British musical, full of wit, polish and a human pathos which our folk are not usually very good at capturing. The music is catchy, and there is one charming little song, " Meilinki Meilchik ", which shows that we too can despatch artistic doves of peace across the Iron Curtain too. The London critics will soon be writing expertly about the play (it comes to the Queen's Theatre on July 20), so I shall only mention one thing that struck me. At the final curtain Anthony Newley (remember *Gurney Slade* ?), who is both star, director and part-author, did not monopolise the limelight; instead, he bowed courteously to each of the leading members of the cast, then to each of the seven members of the chorus, then to the conductor (so often forgotten), and finally to the audience—the first time I did see any such thing, as Mr. Pepys might have said. The gesture was delightful, and seemed symbolic of the team-work which had made the whole play so effective.

" For the first five minutes ", said someone behind me, " I couldn't make head nor tail of it, but then it all fell into place and I *have* enjoyed it "; and as I came out I heard many similar comments. I shall read the Sunday critics with interest on July 23; I hope they will not slate the show for not being another *Brigadoon* or *South Pacific.*

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July 7. *Oldham.* At 1.45 this afternoon, half-way through a long meeting, we broke for a hasty lunch. Two colleagues and I found ourselves outside the imposing headquarters of the Oldham " Co-Op ", which announced a 2s. 10d. lunch on the second floor and a 3s. 6d. one on the third. Undaunted by the prospect of being charged eightpence for making the effort to climb an extra flight of stairs, we made the ascent to the third floor and sat down at a table. By now it was two minutes past two. A waitress appeared. " Only the tea menu now ", she said apologetically, indicating the clock. Our faces fell. It had been an arduous morning and we were hungry. " So what'll you have ? " she went on. " Fillet steak, lamb cutlets, braised steak, roast beef, steak pudding . . . ? " We had the steak pudding (with three vegetables), ice-cream and, of course, tea. What do people have for *lunch* in Oldham ? I suppose I shall never find out.

BOOKS AND PERSONS

By John Rowland

NOT so many years ago, almost all the fashionable poets were anti-religious; before the outbreak of war in 1939, indeed, practically all of those who were praised by the critics (with the one notable exception of Mr. T. S. Eliot) were near-Communists. It is, in some ways, easy to see why this was so. Communism was then regarded, not as an international propaganda organisation, working largely for the benefit of Soviet Russia, but as a vehicle of social protest. And social protest against the inequalities and economic immoralities of pre-war society was something which had an appeal that was almost a religious appeal, though it did not accept the ideas of any of the great world religions.

Nowadays, however, far more of the poets of our day are men of religion. Even Mr. Cecil Day Lewis, who has always regarded himself as aloof from religion as an organised force, in his fascinating autobiography, *The Buried Day* (Chatto and Windus; 25s.), was much more respectful towards religion than he would have been twenty years earlier.

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I cannot attempt, in a short article, to express any kind of opinion as to the reason for this new attitude; to analyse it would require a sizeable book. But what has put it into my mind has been the publication of a small book which brings together all the important verse of one of the most noteworthy of the younger poets who have emerged in the last few years—Mr. Jack Clemo. *The Map of Clay* (Methuen; 12s. 6d.) is almost a spiritual autobiography expressed in poetry. A very remarkable autobiography it is, too.

Mr. Clemo is a writer who has worked under well-nigh incredible handicaps. At different periods in his career he has been both blind and deaf, and he still lives, as Mr. Charles Causley (another West-Country poet) points out in an introduction to this new book, in " the four-roomed, slate-roofed granite box of a cottage on Goonamarris Slip in which he was born in 1916, in a hamlet seven miles north-west of St. Austell, lodged deep in the gut of the Cornish china-clay industry ".

Mr. Clemo's whole work has been coloured by his background; his only novel, *Wilding Graft*, published some years back, was a noteworthy story placed in that background; since then he has written an autobiographical prose volume, *Confession of a Rebel*, and a book of applied religion, *The Invading Gospel*, which I mentioned in these columns when it was first published some two years ago.

Yet it is, I think, in his poetry that he really puts his heart. This new book contains some poems that were originally published in a very slim book in 1951, a set of poems that won the Arts Council Festival of Britain Competition, and some quite new poems, collected under the title, *Frontier Signals* which have been written in the last year or two.

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Almost every piece of verse in the book is deeply religious, and this is not due merely to the poet's need to find an outlet for the mystical outlook that has come to him in his shut-in life. It is due to the fact that he has a measure of very real religious insight which has come to him, I am sure, through long meditation on the problems of this earthly existence.

He is, in fact, quite unique. What he writes is almost modernistic in its theme (though he will not agree, I am sure), yet the technique of his verse is almost purely traditional. Here and there one can catch, in the metres, though not in the ideas, an echo of the Methodist hymns of his childhood. It is not easy to suggest, by quotation, the peculiar flavour of his verse. But here is the last poem in the book, called " Homeland ":—

> Those battle-torn frontiers will never waken,
> Though sometimes, as evening tries,
> We glimpse their gorse-sour slopes, wind-shaken
> Against nebulous pyres.
>
> It is too late to search the sombre shrines,
> Too late to take the baffled view,
> The dusty march, or to hope that fortitude refines
> In desert or cloister, clay-rift, or pew.
>
> We have reached the brittle pass
> Where sweet surrender alone stands clear,
> And God's judgment turns to jazz
> At the penitent's tear.
>
> This is the homeland privilege :
> The ponderous quest, the sceptic's pang, are spent.
> Our goal is gripped on a razor's edge—
> Christ's ragtime sacrament.

The " punch " of the last line will be regarded as almost blasphemous by some purely orthodox critics; yet the power of

Mr. Clemo's writing is such that he can get away with things that in a lesser man might be regarded as far-fetched and hopelessly exaggerated. His religious view is not one that will be shared by many readers of these columns, but to anyone who feels that the modern poets have nothing to say that is worth saying, I would heartily recommend his work.

IT OCCURRED TO ME

By Muriel Hilton

THE ease with which we can all travel today means that we may unexpectedly meet those with whom we have made bonds of Friendship through correspondence. Those of us who have Friendly Links in different parts of the world through our Women's League probably never anticipated that we should ever see them, never would they become flesh !

And now many of us have the deep pleasure of meeting these friends, and so enhancing the relationship and making future letters more significant. Our summers have often been gladdened by visits from such friends and this year I have met a Japanese friend made through the *Inquirer*. I certainly never expected to meet him and what a joy it has been ! He only had a few hours in Hastings and it was fortunate that having a concert at the church he was welcomed by our fellowship and asked to give our greetings to fellow Unitarians in Tokyo. I shall always remember our talk, discovering that we had come to Unitarianism along similar paths and that our emphasis in religion was entirely the same. There we were, two people of different races and backgrounds " speaking the same language " experiencing a deep sympathy and finding all barriers swept away—a memorable and treasurable experience.

We sometimes feel isolated and perhaps rather odd in our small groups with the weight of orthodoxy against us and the chill of indifference from the unchurched, and we sometimes forget the liberal groups in other countries, much smaller, much more isolated than we are who are struggling against much heavier odds. Whenever I get despondent I shall think of my friend Ichiro Hara who is Professor of English at Tokyo University and who is one of a group of twenty Unitarians in that largely populated part of Japan.

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" All real living is meeting." How often one recalls those words ! Is it not one of the most reassuring and significant experiences to meet friends after years of absence and to find the relationship as good as it has ever been ? Is it not deeply satisfying to meet friends known and loved through the years, finding each meeting adds something to the friendship ? And is it not a wonder to meet those with whom one has corresponded and to find them just as one imagined ?

A friend with whom I recently spent a few days wrote after that it had been the best meeting ever of thirty years, and when mentioning this to someone the remark came, " All last meetings would be the best ever."

The mystery, the sweetness, the wonder of affinities between human beings should always be a renewing joy in life and all meetings should be anticipated and savoured to the full. As Walter de la Mare told us to " look our last on all things lovely " so should we consider our human relationships.

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One of the strange and prevalent tendencies in modern life is the manufactured laughter that is heard so frequently. Often when listening to the radio, to the highly boasted modern comedians, one is irritated beyond endurance by the audience whose jerked-out laughter seems mechanical, often stimulated by professional laughter-makers. They are expected to laugh, and laugh they do. How little spontaneous laughter there is.

I was interested the other day to hear Laurens van de Post say that the laughter of African bush-men is the most vivid, the most spontaneous he has ever heard—"like lightning". Only one man in England in his experience has that quality in his laughter. And he said this stimulating thought—that laughter comes from simple basic things, living from the right centre. It is a deplorable comment on our western civilization that we have lost the gift of laughter.

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There is a lovely essay on " Laughter " by Mary Webb in her " Spring of Joy ". Here is a paragraph from it.

" If we love the creatures of earth, who are so gaily irresponsible, so full of zest, we shall share with them the large-hearted merriment of comradeship, and find that the blessing of the helpless is the key to unlock the world. In laughing wholeheartedly a man must attain a certain freedom from selfishness, a certain purity and the greatest saints are the merriest-hearted people. Down that path of rosy mint and astringent fennel the laughter is like Geral·l's sanicle—' a thing to make whole and sound all inward hurts and outward wounds.' For love is health to the innermost being, and every time we laugh there, love deepens."

MANCHESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD

The Annual Proceedings in connection with the closing of the Sessions took place at the College on the 19th and 20th June. The Annual General Meeting of the Governors was held on the second day and was preceded by a short ceremony in the Chapel. The occasion was the unveiling of a bronze tablet to the memory of Raymond Vincent Holt for many years connected with the College. The unveiling was performed by the Principal who was assisted by the Rev. F. Kenworthy, Mr. Holt's successor as Principal of the Unitarian College, Manchester.

Mr. A. C. Bentley, Chairman of the Council, presided in the absence of the President, Professor Sir Alastair Hardy, F.R.S., who was leading the Royal Society delegation to the Pacific Science Congress in Hawaii.

The Principal, whose appointment, together with that of Mr. H. Lismer Short, had recently been renewed for a further five years, gave a Report on the year's work. He referred to the disappointment caused by the failure of the application of the College to be accepted as a Permanent Private Hall of the University (already reported by " Layman " in the *Inquirer* of June 24th). He hoped, however, that this would not cause those who had the welfare of the College at heart to indulge in despondency or to undervalue the work at present being performed. It is unlikely that anyone of those present to hear the Principal's most interesting and comprehensive address would be so inclined. He described the many activities being carried on in addition to the training of students for the Ministry. The Society of Worshippers in the Chapel continued to flourish and the Library was used not only by students and residents but a wide circle of scholars and research students both at home and overseas. Several Conferences had been held as well as a successful Refresher Course for Ministers.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER

Make us beautiful within, O God. By the spark of your glory in even the least one of us, make us beautiful within. We are not perfect, we ourselves know best of all the things in which we have fallen short; we have offended ourselves, and by this we have denied thy presence in even the least one of us.

Make us beautiful within, O God, for this is what we are meant to be, and in being this we are of most use in the life of the world. We know all too well the world's great need of good men; good and great men for great tasks, but even more, good and simple men for the simple tasks of goodness that lie near to each one of us.

Make us beautiful within, O God, that those who walk in darkness may see in us a great light, the light of thy ever-present spirit in even the least one of us, and seeing, may themselves find again thy beauty within their souls.

Make us beautiful within, O God, for thy sake.

Correspondence

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "The Inquirer" 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. They should not in general exceed three to four hundred words in length.

"The net result was—"

Sir: The remarks of the Rev. E. Shirvell Price in his July Calendar bring to mind an attempt, some four years ago, to eject the Old Meeting House Sunday School from the local Sunday School Union.

Mr. Price writes: "Whatever the outcome of the Free Church Federal Council's Annual Meeting on June 19th, it is all too clear that the trouble-makers have probably succeeded in destroying any basis for Christian co-operation between us and the Free Churches in Bolton for a long time to come."

In Mansfield, the attempt to eject the Unitarians from the local Union was unsuccessful, but the net result was that the Union disintegrated, and where once there was a flourishing and useful group which did valuable work for all its members, there is now nothing, and all are so much the poorer.

For a period, an attempt was made, in which the Unitarian School took part, to keep alive and continue the work of the Union, but ultimately this failed.

I await with interest to learn how Bolton F.C.F. Council progresses.

Yours, Kenneth Sherratt.

Mansfield.

The First Verse

Sir: In one of his articles on "Music in the Church", which I have been following with interest, Laurence J. Ling suggests that we dispense with the reading of the first verse of a hymn. Surely that reading has its own value—it is really a little piece of verse speaking. Of course the complete verse or complete thought should be read, and it should be delivered with as much care as readings from the Bible or other books. The spoken verse can be very beautiful and sometimes more impressive than the sung verse. In addition, the speaker can stress any point which underlines the ideas in his sermon.

Lewisham. Yours, F. Trinder.

The Rev. Reginald Sorensen, M.P., remembers

Sir: The Rev. Alfred Heale's article on the "Order of Pioneer Preachers" and the accompanying photograph is of historic interest. May I be permitted to add the following:—

The Rev. R. J. Campell fifty years ago was an inspiration to many thousands and his influence remains with many of us to this day. Recently I made contact with the Curator of the City Temple, Mr. B. Hammond, who well remembers the Geneva-gowned Pioneer Preachers sitting behind "R.J." in the spacious pulpit (perhaps like a row of crows?) although otherwise the then association of the Order with the City Temple seems to be unknown.

My own membership of the Order provided an opportunity for which I am profoundly thankful to God, but I am certain that my callow idealism caused some perturbation, particularly when responsibility for the Order and its Hostel passed to Dr. Tudor Jones and what "Brother Alfred" describes as the "B. & F.U. Ass.". Thus, for instance, he and my then fellow-brothers may remember the episode when during a lecture I was asked to retire and forthwith be transported by detectives to Scotland Yard for interrogation by the then Lord Derby, with an impressive supporting phalanx, at Scotland Yard. Suspicion had fallen on me because with a Danish name I had been organising resistance to conscription. However, I was set free and returned by tram in carpet slippers to my alarmed colleagues who possibly imagined I had been indefinitely incarcerated in the Tower of London. (I had not even been allowed on arrest to put on shoes).

Quite understandably such "doings" could not have continued without grave embarrassment to the B. & F.U. Ass., and it was mutually agreed that I should cease residence at the Hostel, although nominally remain a "Pioneer". Thenceforth I continued in charge of the Free Christian Church in Walthamstow, but I also initiated an agricultural community in Essex. This had a sequel of wider significance than my reminiscences, for I was prosecuted as a deserter from military service. The case was heard in the same Court where my wife now sits as a J.P., and there it was alleged that I was not "exempted" from that service as a "Minister of Religion" because I was a notorious agitator and was actually a "farmer". Both the Rev. T. P. Spedding and the Rev. Arthur Pearson appreciated the possible implications if I were convicted and in the interest of myself and my brethren in the Order they kindly "stood by". Fortunately the Stipendiary Magistrate after hearing evidence dismissed the case and I became the only Minister of Religion declared to be such in and by a Police Court.

Had I been convicted it is conceivable that the status of other Pioneer Preachers might have been challenged, notwithstanding denominational assurances to the authorities, for the prosecutor's claim that I did "farming" was not the only element in the charge that a "Pioneer Preacher" was not truly a "Minister" according to law. The significant point was the legal recognition of the contention that a person became a "Minister" through appointment by a church congregation.

I am sure that much else evoked anxiety during those early years of my Walthamstow ministry, including the police raid on the church because my young people late one Sunday night posted on local walls the exhortation "If thine enemy hunger, feed him" at the time of the post-war blockade of Germany, during which millions of German women and children starved.

All this refers to many years ago, before I reached an age of greater wisdom and discretion, if, indeed, I had even reached that age now. I add it to your record, because, of course, my ever-esteemed Brother Alfred could not unduly extend his most interesting reminder of a faded, disconcerting footnote in denominational history.

Walthamstow. Yours, Reginald Sorensen.

News Review

The London District Provincial Assembly Summer Meeting

On 8th July some 100 members of the London District and Provincial Assembly gathered at Adrian Street Chapel, Dover, for their summer meeting. Among the company were the Rev. Zoltan Nagy and his wife and daughter. Natives of Hungary, Mr. Nagy was in pre-war days a student at the Unitarian College, Manchester, but now he ministers in the U.S.A., and the family are American citizens. The pleasant Dover Chapel was built in 1819, but a previous chapel was erected in 1643 and the congregation has General Baptist origins. The members had worked hard to prepare for the occasion, the chapel being beautifully decorated with flowers and a sumptuous tea arranged. The District Minister, Rev. E. D. Davies, conducting his first service for the Assembly, stressed the importance of our liberal religious witness, and urged congregations to continue in their allegiance to their churches and to do what they can to recruit and maintain a full-time ministry in their midst.

The evening meeting was addressed by Mr. G. A. Lyward of the Finchden Manor Community, Tenterden—but not in person! Illness prevented the speaker being present, but a tape-recording of his address on his experiences in work among maladjusted young people was presented by one of his assistants, Mr. Prickett. In his work Mr. Lyward seeks to ascertain and remove the causes of maladjustments, and his community and methods have gained world-wide recognition. All share in the day-to-day duties, and members meet in council to maintain discipline. This is derived not from rules and regulations—there are none—but by reference to traditions which have been established over the years. Members of the community represent all walks of life. Many questions were asked of Mr. Prickett, and the meeting was presided over by the President of the L.D.P.A., Mrs. Amy Long. A vote of thanks by the Rev. R. E. Goddard (Hackney) brought a happy and successful summer meeting to a close.

Dr. Preston Bradley at Bath and Trowbridge

Bath and Trowbridge.—On July 9th the Rev. Dr. Preston Bradley, of the People's Church, Chicago, preached at Bath and Trowbridge for the fifth successive year. On this occasion there was special advertising of the services. At Bath a leaflet was distributed to all the hotels in the city. As a result there were many visitors at the morning service (at Bath), and the evening service (at Trowbridge) was also well attended in spite of the absence of members on holiday. In the morning Dr. Bradley contrasted the growth of knowledge in the modern world with the lack of wisdom. He had lived through three wars involving his country and several "depressions"; yet he was as strongly convinced as ever that man has the power to build on earth the Kingdom of Love and Beauty. In the evening he spoke of the new forces at work today and their challenge to organised religion. Christianity must inspire us to courageous thought and action. There is no true salvation save that which has to do with the whole ensemble of humanity.

Sunday School Sports in London

On a delightfully sunny afternoon at the end of June, teams from six London Sunday schools or junior churches met in friendly rivalry on the athletics track at Victoria Park, Hackney. Little children with eggs and spoons, girls with skipping ropes, boys in sacks strove to win points for their team, while others competed in flat races on the track or in the jumping pits. There was a full and varied programme, and excitement mounted as the afternoon put first one centre and then another in the lead. The final result gave victory to Golders Green.

(continued on page 68)

THE CALENDAR OF THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1961

ABERDEEN, Unitarian Church, Skene Street, 11 and 6, Supply
ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11, Supply
AINSWORTH, Unitarian Church, Knowsley Road, 11.15 and 3, Rev. B. GILL
ALTRINCHAM, Dunham Road Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. P. B. GODFREY
ASTLEY, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Road, 6.30, Supply
BATH, Trim Street Chapel, Unitarian, 11, Rev. SIDNEY SPENCER
BELFAST, All Souls, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Dr. A. L. AGNEW
BELFAST, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11.30 and 7, Dr. H. J. MCLACHLAN
BIDDULPH GREEN, Old Meeting House, 11, Mr. G. E. PRENTICE
BILLINGHURST, Free Church, High Street, 11, Rev. JOHN KELLY
BIRKENHEAD, Unitarian Church, Clive Road, 6.30 (July 30), Rev. MAURICE JOHNSON
BIRMINGHAM, Church of Messiah, Broad Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. A. GARRARD
BIRMINGHAM, Waverley Road, Church and Hurst Street Mission, Small Heath, 6.30, Rev. JOYCE HAZLEHURST
BLACKPOOL, North Shore, Dickson Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. E. A. WEST
BLACKPOOL, South Shore, Lytham Road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. FRANK LOWE
BOLTON, Bank Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. F. SHERVELL PRICE
BOLTON, Unity Church, Deane Road, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. A. J. LONG
BOLTON, Walmsley, 3, and Halliwell Road, 6.30, Rev. KENNETH WRIGHT
BOLTON (Lancs.), Unitarian Chapel, Spain Lane, 6.30, Rev. HENRY HALL
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill Road, 11, Rev. S. P. WHITEHOUSE
BRADFORD, Broadway Avenue, 3.15, Supply
BRADFORD, Town Hall Square, 10.45, Rev. ADA TOMKIN, 6.30, Rev. J. B. TOMKIN
BRIDGWATER, Christ Church, Dampier Street, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. WM. MILLAR
BRIDPORT, Unitarian Chapel, 11, VACANCY
BRIGHTON, Christ Church, Unitarian, New Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN ROWLAND
BRISTOL, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Rev. A. H. BIRTLES
BRISTOL, Oakfield Road, 11, Rev. A. H. BIRTLES, 6.30, Mr. R. L. NICHOLSON
BURY, Bank Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. M. RYDE
CAMBRIDGE, Memorial Church, Emmanuel Road, 11 and 6, Rev. Dr. R. F. RATTRAY
CARDIFF, The West Grove Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. T. J. JONES
CHATHAM, The Church of the Great Companions, Hammond Hill, 3, Mr. JOHN PICKSTON
CHELTENHAM, Bayshill Unitarian Church, Royal Well, 11, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. JOHN M. QUIRK
CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, Trinity Street, 11, Miss C. T. HEREFORD, 6.30, Rev. W. J. MCELDOWNEY
CHESTERFIELD, Elder Yard Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. A. W. VALLANCE
CHEPSTOW CHAPEL, Atherton, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH TWINN
COVENTRY, Great Meeting House, Holyhead Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. MORRIS
CREWE, Free Christian Church, Beech Street, 6.30, Supply
CRICKLEWOOD, Unitarian Church, Hermitage Street, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. M. R. DICKIN
CROYDON, Unitarian and Free Christian Church, Friends Road, 11, Rev. G. KERKI
DENTON, Wilton Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. SMITH
DERBY, Friar Gate, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Mr. CAPEWELL
DITCHLING, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Rev. BASIL VOSEY
DONCASTER, Free Church, Hall Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEC L. FOSTON
DOVER, Adrian Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. PHILIP C. WHITEMAN
DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS
DUDLEY, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. N. KINGHAM
DUKINFIELD, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Student
DUNDEE, Unitarian Church, 53, Commission Road, 11 (next service August 6)
EDINBURGH, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11, Rev. BRUCE FORSLOW
EXETER, George's Chapel, South Street, 6.30, Rev. Dr. F. D. MAURICE-KLUGEL
GEE CROSS, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. HARRY SMITH
GLASGOW, St. Vincent Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. ALLEN KIRBY
GLOSSOP, Fairfax Street, 2, Sunday School, No Service
GLOUCESTER, Barton Street, 3, Rev. JOHN M. QUIRK
GODALMING, Meadrow Chapel (Farncombe), 6.30, Rev. G. MABEL BEARDS
GUILDFORD, Ward Street Church, 11, Rev. J. BRUCE WALKER
HALE CHAPEL, Hale Barns, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. GLYN J. PRITT
HALIFAX, Northgate End, 6.30, Rev. FRANK WALKER
HASTINGS, Free Christian Church, South Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DENDRON HEATON
HINCKLEY, Great Meeting, Baines Lane, 11 and 6, Student
HORSHAM, Worthing Road, 11, Rev. J. MARTYN HALL
HUDDERSFIELD, Fitzwilliam Street, 11, Rev. FRANK WALKER
HULL, Unitarian Church, Park Street, 6.30, Rev. ERNEST PENN (also 11, every 1st and 3rd Sunday)
HUNSLET, Unitarian Church, Joseph Street, Leeds, 3, Rev. B. L. GUILAND
KENDAL, Market Place, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. T. E. NUTTALL
KIDDERMINSTER, New Meeting House, 11, Rev. EDGAR W. HILL
KNUTSFORD, Brook Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT SMITH
LANCASTER, St. Nicholas Street Church, 6.30, Supply
LEEDS, Mill Hill Chapel, City Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. BRIAN L. GUILAND
LEICESTER, Narborough Road, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Supply
LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, East Bond Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. B. DURNING
LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11, Supply
LINCOLN, High Street, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. H. W. KENDALL
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Dr. P. N. TYDEMAN
LIVERPOOL, Bootle Free Church, 11, Rev. C. A. PIPER
LIVERPOOL, Domestic Mission, Mill Street, 6.30, Rev. J. KERR MUIRHEAD
LIVERPOOL, Gateacre Chapel, 11, Dr. S. J. KENNETT
LIVERPOOL, Hamilton Road, Everton, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. C. A. PIPER
LIVERPOOL, Hope Street, 6.30, Miss DILYS WILLIAMS
LIVERPOOL, Ullet Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. BASIL SKEAT
LONDON, Bell Street, Edgware Road, 6, Rev. WALTER W. LOVE
LONDON, Blackfriars Mission and Stamford Street Chapel, 6.30, Mr. JAMES WILSON
LONDON, Bolton Road, 11, Rev. E. G. LEE
LONDON, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GRAHAM SPURR
LONDON, Forest Gate, Upton Lane, 11, Rev. T. E. DALTON
LONDON, Golders Green, Hoop Lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILFRED C. RAYNER
LONDON, Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham Place, 11 (Family Service), Rev. R. E. GOODHEAD
LONDON, Hampstead, Rosslyn Hill, 11, Rev. DONALD P. MAIN
LONDON, Hoxton, Hare Street, 11, Rev. E. D. DAVIES, 6.30, Rev. T. E. DALTON
LONDON, Islington, Upper Street, 6.30, Rev. A. V. FOX
LONDON, Kilburn Unitarian Church, Quex Road, 11, Rev. A. V. FOX
LONDON, Lewisham Unitarian Church, High Street, 11, Dr. JAMES GIBSON
LONDON, Mansford Street Church, Bethnal Green, 6.30, Rev. ARTHUR PEACOCK
LONDON, Richmond Free Church, Ormond Road, 11, Rev. WALTER W. LOVE
LONDON, Strand Unitarian Church, Essex Hall (opposite Law Courts), 6.30, Dr. JAMES GIBSON
LONDON, Stratford, West Ham Lane, Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. R. H. BARTLETT
LONDON, Wandsworth Unitarian Church, East Hill, 11, Mr. A. DOUGLAS MILLARD (No evening Service for Sunday in August)
LONDON, Welsh Unitarian Church at Rosslyn Hill, Rosslyn Hill, 2nd and 4th Sundays, 6, Rev. T. E. JONES
LONDON, Wood Green, Unity Church, Lymington Road, 6.30, Rev. R. E. GOODHEAD
LYTHAM ST. ANNES (Ansdell), Channing Road, 11, Rev. E. W. DRAKIN
MACCLESFIELD, King Edward Street, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. PETER JONES
MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Market Buildings, 6.30, Mrs. MURIEL HILTON
MANCHESTER, Blackley, Unitarian Chapel, Chapel Lane, 6.30, Supply
MANCHESTER, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. H. BARTLETT
MANCHESTER, Failsworth, Deb Lane Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. DONALD MILLS
MANCHESTER, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. MAURICE BOWDEN
MANCHESTER, Monton Church, Eccles, 10.45, Rev. W. HILL WARDING, 6.30, Supply
MANCHESTER, Pendleton Unitarian, Cross Lane, 6.30, Supply
MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30, Rev. F. KENNWORTHY
MANCHESTER, Renshaw Street, Mission, 6.30, Supply
MANCHESTER, Stand Chapel, Whitefield, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. HARRY SMITH
MANCHESTER, Willbraham Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 11, Supply
MANCHESTER, Wythenshawe, Unitarian Church, Brownley Road, Benchill, 6.30, Rev. JOHN GILL
MANSFIELD, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH SHERRATT
MARPLE, Unitarian Hall, 31, Stockport Road, 11, each Sunday
MEXBOROUGH, Free Christian Church, 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE HALLWORTH
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN STORER
NEWCHURCH (Rossendale), Bethlehem Unitarian Church, 10.30 and 6, No Services
NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, High Street, 6.30, Mr. DEREK STEEMAN
NORTHAMPTON, Kettering Road, 11, Rev. E. H. MORRIS
NORWICH, Octagon Chapel, Colegate, 11, Rev. J. A. KENNEDY
NOTTINGHAM, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. GORDON BELAM
OLDBURY, Unitarian Church, Birmingham Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. HAROLD A. GOBE
OLDHAM, Lord Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply
OXFORD, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30, Rev. H. L. SHORT
PADIHAM, Nazareth Unitarian Church, Knight Hill, 10.30, Supply, 6, Rev. G. W. PITTS
PARK LANE CHAPEL, nr. Wigan, 11, Rev. GORDON L. CLARKE, 6.30, Supply
PLYMOUTH, Unitarian Church, Notte Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. R. BLACKBURN
POOLE, Unitarian Church, Hill Street, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. J. W. DUMBLE
PORTSMOUTH, John Pound's Memorial Church, High Street, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. JOHN R. STURGES
PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church Street, 6.30, Rev. L. HALL
RINGWOOD, Hants, The Meeting House, 6.30, Supply
RIVINGTON CHAPEL, nr. Horwich, Lancs., 3, Rev. R. I. PRITCHARD
ROCHDALE, Blackwater Street, 10.30 and 6, Rev. F. W. BARR
ROTHERHAM, Church of Our Father, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC PHILLIPS
SALE, Atkinson Road, 11, Rev. JOHN GILL
SCARBOROUGH, Unitarian Church, Westborough, 7, Rev. G. W. PARKINSON
SHEFFIELD, Attercliffe, 6.30, Mr. C. J. ROBLING
SHEFFIELD, Fulwood Old Chapel, 11, Rev. P. BAKER MORRIS
SHEFFIELD, Unity Church, Crookesmoor Road, 11, Dr. F. T. WOOD, 6.30, Rev. P. B. MORRIS
SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STANLEY WHITBY
SHREWSBURY, High Street, Unitarian, 11, Supply
SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, Unitarian, High Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GORDON L. STUART
SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London Road, 6.30, Rev. H. CRABTREE
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, Dunlin Road, 6.30, Rev. E. D. DAVIES
SOUTHPORT, Portland Street Church, 11, Rev. J. K. MURRIN, 6.30, Rev. ALUN WILLIAMS
STOCKPORT, Unitarian Church, St. Peter's Gate, 10.30, Rev. R. G. KINBALL, 6.30, Supply
ST. HELENS, Corporation Street, 6.30, Rev. G. L. CLARKE
STOCKTON-ON-TEES, Wellington Street, 6.30, Rev. A. D. WILLIAMS (also 11, Second Sunday in the month)
STOURBRIDGE, Presbyterian Unitarian Chapel, 11, Rev. C. SIMPSON
SWANSEA, Pennard Free Christian Meeting House, 11, Rev. L. BAKER SHORT
SWANSEA, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30, Rev. L. BAKER SHORT (also 11, First Sunday in the month)
SWINTON, Swinton Hall Road, 6.30, Rev. W. HILL WARDING
TAUNTON, Mary St. Chapel, 11, Rev. WM. MILLAR
TENTERDEN, Old Meeting House, Ashford Road, 6.30, Rev. ROBERT TAYLER
TODMORDEN, Unitarian Church, 6, Mr. H. VARLEY
TORQUAY, Unity Church off The Terrace, 11, Rev. CHARLES EASTON
TROWBRIDGE, Conigre Unitarian Church, 6, Rev. SIDNEY SPENCER
WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor Road, 11, Mr. L. EVANS, 6.30, Supply
WALSALL, Unitarian Free Church, Stafford Street, 11, Rev. R. J. WILLIAMSON, 2.30, Sunday School (service, 6.30, last Sunday in month)
WARRINGTON, Cairo Street, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC WILD
WARWICK, Unitarian Chapel, High Street, 7, Rev. H. MACKIE
WATFORD, Friends' House, Church Road (by permission), 7.30 (last Sunday in the month)
WEST BROMWICH, Lodge Road, 10.45, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. R. J. WILLIAMSON
WEST KIRBY, Brookfield Gardens, 11, Rev. MAURICE JOHNSON (also 6.30, First Sunday in the month)
WHITBY, Flowergate, 2.30, Rev. G. W. PARKINSON
WILMSLOW, Dean Row, 10.45, Rev. STANLEY R. BUTLER, Styal, 6.40, Rev. STANLEY R. BUTLER
YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 6.30, Mr. C. H. SYKES

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ADELAIDE, Unitarian Christian Church, Wakefield St., 11 and 7, Rev. COLIN GRIFFITH
MELBOURNE, Unitarian Church, Cathedral Place, C.2, Unitarian Half-Hour broadcast, 4.15. Services: 4 p.m. second Sunday in each month, Evening 7 p.m. Rev. V. JAMES
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CANADA

MONTREAL, Church of the Messiah, Sherbrooke Street West and Simpson Street, 11, Rev. LEONARD MARCH
TORONTO, First Unitarian Church, 175 St. Clair Avenue West, 11, Rev. JAMES H. MORGAN
VANCOUVER, B.C., Unitarian Church of Vancouver, 1950 Tenth Avenue West, 9.30 and 11, Rev. A. P. HOWITT

NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND, Unitarian Church, Ponsonby Road, 10.30, Children's Programme, 7, Mr. M. J. WILDE
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by the narrow lead of only one point over Ilford, with Wood Green taking third place.

The meeting was organised by the London Unitarian Sunday School Society as part of their programme to bring the young people of our churches together and foster a sense of belonging to a wider fellowship. It was particularly pleasing to see a large number of youngsters from Wood Green, where the junior church was only formed at the beginning of May. That this new group has grown so rapidly and taken its place with older organisations is proof that even in London the right approach will bring children to our churches. Special tribute must be paid to the enthusiasm and sheer hard work of the Rev. Ralph Goddard, who is responsible for the new activity at Wood Green.

Visiting A Mosque

Brighton: The Annual Outing of Christ Church (Unitarian), New Road, Brighton, has been a notable occasion in the church year for some years past, and this year was no exception. Some thirty members and friends drove on June 24, through the lanes of Sussex and Surrey, to the Shah Jehan Mosque at Woking, where they were received by Mr. S. Muhammad Tufail, the Imam. The party were shown over the Mosque, and given a brief talk on the beliefs of Muslims; Mr. Tufail answered a number of questions. The Imam and his family then entertained the visitors to tea on the lawn; they were photographed on the steps of the Mosque. Before departing for home, the Rev. John Rowland expressed the thanks of the Brighton party to the authorities of the Mosque for their kindness and hospitality.

A Summer Fair

Newport, Isle of Wight: In an attempt to attract passers-by, the annual Fair was held, for the first time, at the front of the church and in the hall.

The experiment proved a success both numerically and financially, and also reduced quite considerably the amount of work required in preparation.

The Mayoress of Newport, Mrs. E. W. G. Hands, declared the Fair open, and then spent almost three hours in our company.

The presence of several young people was particularly encouraging, and a very real feeling of friendship soon developed between themselves and the older members. The weather was excellent and the open-air stalls were attractive and well stocked. Members of the Women's League maintained a buffet style refreshment service, and the general opinion was that a good time was had by all.

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TEL.: EUS 7554 Editorial: EUS 2812

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Robert H. Kearley

The death of Mr. R. H. Kearley has taken from the Bootle Church a devoted officer who carried out the duties of the church secretary for forty years. Affectionately known to his friends as "Bob" Kearley, he was capable and kindly and deeply interested, particularly in later years, in all for which the church stands; a genuine liberal, he held fast to the principles of toleration and generosity of judgement and never forgot the positive gospel of Unitarianism. He will be deeply missed but we are glad to have known and worked with him and shared his friendship. A large congregation assembled at the Bootle Free Church, Unitarian, on Friday, 30th June, for the funeral service conducted by the Minister, the Rev. C. A. Piper, followed by cremation at the Anfield Crematorium.

C.A.P.

Dr. J. K. Wood, F.R.I.C.

The death of Dr. John Kerfoot Wood, F.R.I.C. on the 2nd July, 1961, at the age of 84 years, following a short illness, registered the passing of an active worker for the Unitarian Faith in the Manchester area.

As his degrees indicate he was engaged in the teaching of Industrial Chemistry. For many years he was Lecturer at the Manchester Technical College, and, on his retirement from the College, gave valuable service to the pupils of the Manchester High School for Girls.

He was a member of our Sale Chapel, and a most useful and creative member of many Committees: The Manchester District Association of which, for a time, he was Hon. Treasurer, the Provincial Assembly of Lancashire and Cheshire of which he was a President, and the Unitarian College which he served for some years as the Hon. Lay Secretary. For his services to the College he was made Life Vice-President.

The funeral service was held at his home at Heald Green, Cheshire, on Wednesday, 5th July, prior to the Service at the Manchester Crematorium where many of his friends gathered to take part in the last solemn and tender offices of faith and affectionate regard for one who was most highly esteemed by all who were privileged to know him. The Services were conducted by the Rev. F. Cotter.

Printed by SOUTH ESSEX NEWSPAPERS, Ltd., High Road, Ilford, Essex, and Published by THE INQUIRER PUBLISHING Co., Ltd., at the Temporary Office, 14, Gordon Square, W.C.1.—Manchester (Wholesale): JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate. Saturday, July 22, 1961.